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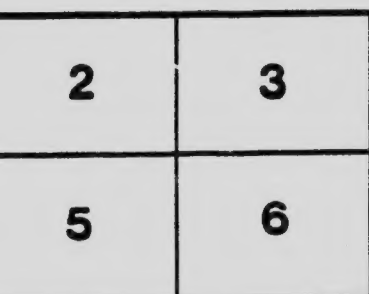
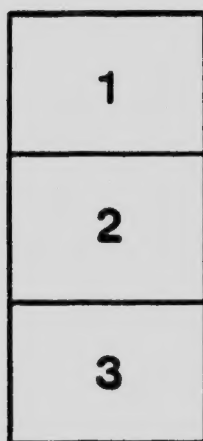
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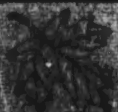
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C ANADA

AND OTHER POEMS



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CANADA
AND OTHER POEMS

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To Gladys
with the author's compliments

H. S. G. G.



CANADA

And Other Poems

By

L. GLENN EARL



ATHENS, 1920

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“ TO SLIM ”



My songs are sung in an humble way,
No high brow stuff I write;
I tinker cars throughout the day
And push a pen at night.
But oft the noise of the motor fades,
The walls of the shop recede,
And I drift away to sunny glades
And my greasy fingers heed
The promptings of the dreams I dream,
And, lo! ere dies the day,
My pencil clothes the very theme
That carried me away.
No message to the world I give,
But if this brings a smile;
Or if one thought should chance to live,
Then has this been worth while.



CANADA

CANADA

Oftimes in thoughtful mood I ask:
For Canada, what have I done?
Have e'er I shirked the slightest task,
When laboring longer would have won
Another wreath for my fair land,
Another flower for her hand.

A garden that the faithful sun
No rival finds 'neath other skies;
Where fragrance of the flowers, as one
Mingle with prayers and upward rise
A tribute at the King's great throne,
A tribute from Canada, my own.

A gem that lately sparkled forth,
Dazzling the eyes of every land;
Unknown still her wond'rous worth,
By contrast may we understand,
The power that once inactive lay
But thrills in every pulse to-day.

The limpid brooks, the hills, the trees,
The prairie meeting with the sky;
The warm and fragrant-laden breeze,
The golden grain that waves breast high,
Are silent signs of God's good will,
And that His love is with us still.

My Canada, 'tis great to be
A son or daughter of thy soil;
But greater far 'twould be to me
Could I but prove this weak hand loyal,
This faint heart worthy of the name,
Of length'ning, strength'ning Canada's
fame.

CANADA

Had I the art, a higher mind,
To pen my thoughts of sincere praise;
But No. A pleasure I must find
In rustic, earnest, uncouth lays
That fade before my fair land's name,
Unworthy I, to sing her praise.

Canada, eagerly I ask,
What can I do for thee, my land?
Thy sons can equal any task,
When strengthened by thine own fair
hand,—
A land to live for, live and love,
A land to die for, die and love.



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

He romped and played among his toys
A few short days ago;
Marshalled his men, in din and noise
To charge a hidden foe.
What if his sword was tin, his steed
The handle from a broom!
Just see his pride as he would lead
His soldiers 'round the room.

His terrible guns were painted wood,—
Of course, they'd make a noise,—
His helmet was a paper hood,
The treasure of his toys.
And he would play at mimic war,
And often there were tears;
I see him yet, as from afar,
Through the distance and the years.

To-day he leads his soldier boys,
Though grimmer now the game,
With courage, as he did his toys,
In battle, just the same.
His men are khaki-clad, his guns
Belch fire and iron slugs;
He leads the charge against the Huns
As he did across our rugs.

Oh, God, send back our noble son,
It hardly seems a day
Since we laughed at him in his noisy fun
And helped him in his play.
Should duty call and he find rest,
There on the blood-stained Somme,
Mother and I have given our best
For Canada and home.

THEY PLAY THE GAME IN FRANCE

THEY PLAY THE GAME IN FRANCE

They play the game in France and play it hard
Behind their parapettes of sand;
And many a weary chum has buried his pard
In a grave behind the 'No Man's Land.'
Heroes they are and their age counts not at all,
It takes a 'man' death to defy
On a lonesome foreign field, at their country's call
Boys they were, as men they die.

"Raise my head, pard, just a bit,
There's nothing else to do.
You can see, old pal, I'm mighty hard hit,
And I guess I'm going through.
We've played the game as it's played out here,
And I've only one regret,
I would like to see the close of the year,—
I'm not quite twenty yet."

"See, the moon's coming up in a cloudless sky,
It's the first decent night in a week;
Hear that shell go moaning by,—
Ghee! but it's hard to speak.
There's a letter, pard, inside my coat,
That I wrote to her last night,
And I wish you would add a tiny note,—
Just say what you think is right.

"The same old moon that to-night we see,
Smiles down on her golden head.
I wonder if she's writing me
A letter that won't be read!
I don't mind going—it's all in the game,
I'll be out of this mud and rain,
But I'd like to hear her call my name,
And kiss her lips again.

THE OLD PIANO THINKS SO, TOO

"I haven't a virtue, I've cursed and swore,
Religion was all for the good',
I don't know, pardner, what's in store,
But I'll die like a soldier should.
Hark! the reserves are coming past,
'Twas a wonderful fight we made,—
Thank God, old man, you're safe at last!
. . . Good bye, Dear, I'm not afraid."

THE OLD PIANO THINKS SO, TOO

I care not that she has the power to thrill
The sea of faces, listening intent;
Or that her fame has upward soared until
Her name is known through the Oxident.
I love to think of her as when she sang
At the old piano, and the fire-light caught
The glitter of her hair, and the old room rang
With the sweet melodies her soft voice wrought.

The fire-light's dim; the room a dreary den
Since she has tasted of Ambition's wine;
And though her voice is stronger now than when
She sang to please no other heart than mine
I love the bud that was, and not the bloom
That thrills the world. In the twilight's hue
I treasure her as then, and in the gloom
It seems the old piano thinks so, too.

KEEP TO-MORROW FOR HIM

KEEP TO-MORROW FOR HIM

Up from the Valley of Death he files,
Up from the grime and the dust;
Fresh from the Horror he comes, and smiles,
And in his smile is trust.
The long dread years are all forgot,
As we welcome him home to rest,
And we stand in awe of the mar begot
Of the boy we once caressed.

Out of the pride of his sweetheart's kiss,
And the welcoming hand of Dad;
Out of the joy of his mother's bliss
He knows that the world is glad.
He feels that the honor is his To-day,
That a nation is grateful to him;
And the comforts of home beguile away
Those memories dark and grim.

When the dawn of To-morrow hangs in the sky;
The song and the laughter is done;
When the pomp and glories of victory die
And the jest and the smile is gone;
When he opens the door of Peace again,
And stands on a new world's rim;
Let him see that his labor was not in vain,
That we're keeping To-morrow for him.



THE MATE I NEVER MET

THE MATE I NEVER MET

I sit in my den before the grate,
Smoking my cigarette,
And in my dreams I see my 'mate',
The pard I never met.
Somewhere in France he fights my fight,
Doing his share and mine;
Holding a place that by every right
I should hold in the line.
Holding his place as well as my own,
Taking his chance with Fate;
Out on his beat, perhaps alone,
Where I should be his mate.
Young! and he's doing two men's work,
Living ten years in one;
Doing the dangerous jobs I shirk,
And it's only just begun.
Firing the shots that I should fire
Till the rifle blisters the hand;
Facing the odds, and they're growing higher,
Making a glorious stand.
One bayonet doing the work of two,
While I sit here and dream,—
Matey, I wonder if that's you
I saw in the star-shell's gleam.

My cigarette is out! Aw, hell,
I'm going to find my mate.
I'm signing up to-night, and, well
I hope it's not too late.

THE OLD FLAG IN OUR HOME

THE OLD FLAG IN OUR HOME

There's a flag in our home and my ancestors die
'Neath its folds in the long ago;
And I learned to love with boyish pride
The dark blood-stains that show.
Through childhood I grew to understand
That it held a freedom for me;
As long as it waved above our land
Our home was ours, and free.

No greater price could my forefathers pay,—
They were home-folks, and home was dear,—
But I live in a peaceful land to-day,
And the home they won me here.
And the same old flag that they loved so well
To me is a priceless gem;
And the dull stains there all too plainly tell
What Canada asked of them.

And now the call has come again,
And the boys are marching away;
I look at the flag and every stain
Questions me why I stay.
And I cannot resist the voice of the flag
As it hangs there on the wall,
And hearts that fought for it once will be glad
To have me answer the Call.

And if I pay in full the price
On the fields of a foreign land;
If I am marked for the sacrifice,
I hope some pardner's hand
Will take from my coat the flag o'er my heart
And send to my little son
That it may show that I've done my part
As it hangs 'side the other one.

I KNOW IT'S AUTUMN THERE

I KNOW IT'S AUTUMN THERE

It's only a letter from her I read
In the flickering candle-light,
But the sandbag walls of my dugout recede
And quiet grows the night;
It's only a letter, but she has laid
Between the pages, with care,
A Maple Leaf, and by its shade
I know it's Autumn there.

Oh, speak to me of sunny glades
That you have left behind!
I want to see the autumn shades
With the evergreens entwined.
I want to seek the quietness
Of a cool Canadian night;
I want to see the full moon bless
The valleys with her light.

In Canada, the harvest moon
Is rising o'er the lake;
I'd like to hear the laughing loon
The thoughtful silence break.
My good canoe would tempt me stay
And I would ask Elaine
To drift along the quiet bay
And sing to me again.

I know it's autumn over there,
The leaves are turning brown;
And peace is o'er my homeland fair,
With twilight settling down.
And in the dusk of the autumn light
Elaine, I seem to see.—
My comfort through the dreary night
To know she waits for me.

BACK IN THE PAST

I do not want to die out here,
In Flanders, with the brave;
I want to lie where skies are clear,
Where drifting o'er my grave
Come crisp brown leaves from a Maple tree—
Canada's wreath for her son—
Honor and glory enough for me
For the 'bit' that I have done.

BACK IN THE PAST

Back in the Past, the days were brighter,
Back in the Past, our hearts were lighter,
And life went along with a song;
Back where love was a good deal stronger,
And friendship lingered a whole lot longer,
In the days that are passed and gone.

The dreams of the Past, we look for to-morrow,
Some of their glories, to-day, we would borrow
And sigh for something that's gone.
Living to-day the hours that are buried,
Wishing their pleasures might longer have tarried
From the Past that has hurried along.

May the days of the Past never lose their glimmer,
And the joys that were ours, may they never grow
dimmer,—

Visions that ever may last.
And the handclasp you give, to-day be the tighter,
The smile of to-morrow be all the more brighter,
Because of the days of the Past.

THE ROAD TO CAMBRAI

THE ROAD TO CAMBRAI

Pleasant it was at the close of day,
When all the world was green,
To walk along the Cambrai way,
The rows of trees between;
To watch the shadows come and go
As the fleecy clouds went by
Catching a tinge from the sunset's glow
That tinted the western sky.

The evening bells of the city rung
Their praise in harmonious chimes,
And high in the lofty tree-tops sung
The birds, their twilight rhymes.
And when the bells and the birds were still,
Up from the fragrant crops
And o'er the slope of the verdant hill
A night-time murmur drops.

A murmur that lingered and passed along
Like a phantom ship at sea,
And left, in the echo of its song
The theme it sung to me.
On the nestling buds of the wayside flowers
The evening dewdrops hung;
And to the wings of the fleeting hours
A bit of heaven clung.

Across the sky the war-clouds sweep,
And in the gloom the maidens weep.

THE ROAD TO CAMBRAI

No more the zephyrs stir the leaves,
Adown the Cambrai road;
The broken wreck of Beauty grieves
In the path where the war-god strode.
Now, tears of sorrow haunt the grove,
And the gorgeous flowers grow red;
Into the whispers of Night is wove
The tramp of the restless dead.

The angel of Death has sown the fields
With the flower of our noble brave;
To the God of Life the harvest yields
The claim of the silent grave.
For the souls of them that are sleeping there
Ascend on the wings of Night,
Transplanted from our world of Care
Into His world of Light.

Oh, the road to Cambrai is a long, sad trail;
The bells in the tower are still.
The light of the harvest moon is pale
As it bathes the war-scarred hill.
The blasted tree-tops weave and sway,
As the wind goes sighing through,
And crosses guard the silent way
Where once the wildflowers grew.



MY LOVE OF YESTERDAY

MY LOVE OF YESTERDAY

I wonder where she is to-night;
 My Love of Yesterday.
I wonder if in memory's flight
 Her thoughts e'er drift my way.
For we were 'pals' in days gone by
 And carelessly we spent
Our hours along the wave-kissed shore,
 Comrades in love, content.
I pray that still her skies are bright,
 As those summer days;
That the same old moon from his starry height
 Silvers her path with his rays.
I do not ask that she recall
 The name she used to know;
The Hand of Time has placed a wall
 Around the long ago.
The Past is dimmed by the pitiless storm
 Of to-morrow's wants and cares;
But oft I see her face and form
 When my firelight glows and flares.
From out the flames of Yesterday,
 Her haunting smiles still shine,
And dream hands wave my cares away,
 And eyes look love to mine.

Of God of Love! her every year,
 I ask be a flowery way.
The Memories of the Past hold dear
 My Love of Yesterday.

THE GAME

THE GAME

'Twas a butterfly kiss to me she gave,
There on the moon-lit shore;
But I knew in my heart she would never crave
The love for her I bore.
A summer love and a passing flame,
To me it was real and true;
But she was wise in the old, old game,
To me 'twas delightfully new.
'Twas a butterfly kiss, and when I found
I was nought to that little elf,
I cursed the gods but held my ground
And played at the game myself.
Why should she 'make believe' to me?
In her heart she knew of my love;
I'd sworn it by the great blue sea,
And the tiny stars above.
So we played at the game the summer through
Under the bright moon's light,
Wandering together, just us two,
I wonder if it were right
For a girl, for whom you'd sell your soul
To act a living lie,—
To play the ardent lover's role,
But be a butterfly.

The years have passed. I know not where
Nor how she plays the game.
I often wonder, could I care
For another girl the same.

THE GRUB I GET AT HOME

THE GRUB I GET AT HOME

I've knocked around the world awhile,
In sunshine and in rain;
Have seen the dam across the Nile
And tasted grapes in Spain.
Seen the cotton fields of Dixie
Resembling northern snow,
In Kentucky found it risky,—
Refusing drinks, you know.

Braved the snow in cold Alaska,
But never struck it rich;
Trapped for fur in Athabasca,
Bunked in at Fort Norwich.
In London through the fog I've strolled
And murmured, "Don't yo' know";
In Monte Christo had the gold
Sort of free and easy go.

But no difference where the land,
How far away I roam,
The strangers can't put up the brand
Of grub I get at home.
Where silverware is piled around
With cut-glass mighty neat,
Somehow it is, I've always found
There is less of things to eat.

The cake at home has not the name
That came from gay Paree;
Though it isn't even mixed the same,
It's good enough for me.
And when I'm chasing 'round a bit,
The longer that I roam,
I know the fare is out of it
With grub I get at home.

ALONE

Though oft I dine in royal style,
The courses find O. K.,
I sometimes really have to smile
To think what they would say,
If they but knew their silver spread,
Their showy flowers and foam
To my unsuited taste is led,
By grub I get at home.

ALONE

Alone! Alone! in this great wild land,
No voice to answer me back,
Thick and straight the jack pines stand
And the stream runs swift and black.
The firelight flares and the shadows da
On the floating specks of foam,—
Oh, well, this life is just a chance,
Here as it is at home.
Alone! Alone! yet oft I see
In my dying campfire's glow,
A face and form so dear to me,
The girl back home I know.
She smiles and distance disappears,
And Time turns back until
It almost seems that through the years,
We are together still.

Alone in this great wild land I go,
North to the Arctic sea;
But from my campfire's ruddy glow,
My dream girl smiles to me.

A JOY SUPREME

A JOY SUPREME

You may oft have had the pleasure
Of a merry auto ride;
In an hour of thoughtless leisure,
An aeroplane have tried.
Or your pockets filled with money,
And a tie a trifle loud,
You've found the feeling funny
In a jolly 'Mid-way' crowd.

But there's a joy that's nearly bliss,
On any summer's eve,
To ask some gentle-hearted miss
And with your put-put leave,
Just out from dock, another lad
And girlie, too, you know,
But what is sad, so very sad,
His engine doesn't go.

And after spinning 'round a while,
Perhaps an hour—or four,—
And racing back in lovely style
He's there, just as before.
And how it really pains your heart,
To see him crank and grunt,
For your put-put somehow will start,
The other fellow's won't.

THE CALL OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Comfortably settled I am in my home,
I work and find it good;
But yet at times the desire to roam
Goes surging through my blood.
And oft at eve when the sun has dropped
Behind the hills in the west,
When the whirr of the wheels in the shop
stopped

And the busy streets are at rest,
I sit in the door with my son at my knee
As I watch the Northern Lights
Wink and flicker their message to me
As they shoot o'er the distant heights.
And the kid goes back to his toys in the room
Where my wife softly sings to him,
But facing the North I sit in the gloom,
For I know that beyond the rim
Of those distant, dark, foreboding hills
Marks of my campfires remain,
And my canoe is known on unnamed rills,
In that wonderful wild domain,
And the Northern Lights as they beckon to me
Whisper of silver and gold,
And in the distant North I see
The trails I knew of old.

My son at play and the song of my wife,
Are partners I cannot fail;
And never, I know, with rifle and knife,
Shall I answer the call of the trail.

LIGHTS

TWO CROSSES

Beneath the trees, two crosses stand,
The sunlight filtering through
Paints checkered figures on the sand
Where once the wildflowers grew;
And here and there, a blade of grass
Is struggling green again
Where tramping feet and poison gas
Have marked the War God's reign.

Two crosses there! On one is laid
A wreath of poppies red;
To one there comes a sad-eyed maid
And many a prayer is said.
And kneeling there sweet memories come
Of pre-war days and love
And visions of a cottage home
With a smiling sky above.

And as she twines the poppies gay
On the dull arms of the cross,
A light breaks through the sullen grey,—
It's not eternal loss.
And 'though she kneels at his earthly mound,
Her soul is beyond the bars;
Her feet are lifted from the ground
To walk among the stars.

Dark and brown the other cross stands
No wreath is ever laid
Upon its arms by tender hands,
No daily prayer is said.
The only flowers that wither there
Are those the sad wind brings,—
But 'cross the miles a young girl, fair,
Still to his memory clings.

COME BACK ACROSS THE YEARS

No solace hers, to tend the spot
Where sleeps her girlish dreams.
Though pleasant days are not forgot
To her no sunshine gleams;
No hands weave poppy wreaths of red
To lay where rests her all;
The only blossoms for her dead
Are the silent tears that fall.

COME BACK ACROSS THE YEARS

Come back to-night across the years,
And rest your hand in mine.
Sweetheart, the same old moon appears
To-night as it used to shine.
And smile to me as you did of yore,
And whisper soft and low
That nothings I would hear once more
As in the long ago.

Come back and bring one happy hour
From the many we have had;
Your soft, sweet voice will have the power
To make my sad heart glad.
Throughout the long year's dreary course
Your love has been my stay,
Your memory the unfailing source
Of dreams I hold to-day.

The dreams that lead me back to you
And the old familiar place;
Where what I felt, the love I knew
Was mirrored in your face.
Sweetheart, come back to me if just
To touch your lips to mine,
For in your eyes I see the trust
As of old I saw it shine.

MY CHOICE

MY CHOICE

There's a little old log cabin in a hidden flowery
vale,

O'er the weather-beaten roof-top, the clinging
creepers trail;

From the doorway in the twilight I can watch the
rippling stream

Where the beauties of the sunset through the
leafy tree-tops gleam.

And my heart feels not the worries of an over-
burdened mind,

From Nature's ways I've learned the lesson that
her soul is good and kind.

On the wild lawns of the forest, I am known and
welcomed there,

But my name is never flaunted and I've never
shouldered Care.

Yes, I might have been a 'some-one,' I had every
chance, God knows,

But I shunned it in my manhood, and boylike, this
is the life I choose.

When a lad at school they whispered I would have
a name some day,

But in my heart I know I'm happy in my own
secluded way.

I know that I'm called a failure by the ones I left
at home,

But I couldn't still the longing of my boyish love
to roam.

Perhaps I might have had a fortune had I slaved
like other men,

But I chose the gifts of Nature and this cabin in
the glen.

MY CHOICE

When the sunset spreads a glory o'er these old
familiar hills,
And the silence of the woodland is echoed from
the rills;
When the wild life of the forest thrills the bush
with rapturous song,
And the twilight of the evening o'er the calm lake
lingers long;
When the fingers of the sunset wave their last and
long farewells,
And the glistening pearls of Nature sway the
dainty woodland bells,
Then I know that I have chosen the best that life
could give,
And though stranger to your cities, I have learned
at least, to live.



MY GARDEN OF GOLDEN DREAMS

MY GARDEN OF GOLDEN DREAMS

There's a beautiful Garden of Golden Dreams
Where my fancy holds full sway;
It's just a vision and oft it seems
So vague and far away.
But sometimes before my fire I sit,
And Care lifts his heavy hand,—
Before the lights in the room are lit,—
And I visit this garden land.
There are paths of Wealth, Ambition, and Love,
I've explored them every one;
There are beautiful thoughts that lift me above
The common things I've done.
The day just gone so distant seems,
To-morrow so far away,
As I live in the Garden of Golden Dreams
Where pleasant memories stay.
And wrapped in the dull luxurious glow
Of the dying fire in the grate,
There is one in my Garden of Dreams I know
And love in this mystic state.
She's the Dream Girl I worshipped in boyhood
years,
That I've loved since I understood
The wonderful soul that Nature rears
In a girl that is truly good.
So my Dream Girl and I spend many an hour
In this beautiful garden land
And our thoughts are as bright as the tiny flower
She carries in her hand.

I pause to light my cigarette,
My Garden of Dreams is gone;
My Dream Girl's hand is in mine yet,
My wife and she is one.

GOLD

GOLD

Gold! Gold I've found in the sand!
The real old stuff at last.
My God! but I've tramped this lonesome land,
While the best of my life flew past.
Gold! It has lured me o'er frozen trails,
Up and on, a steady climb;
'Cross countless hills, through nameless vales,
Till I've lost all count of time.
Gold! why I've sold my soul for gold;
I've frozen and starved and slaved;
I've lost a lifetime and grown old,
Gold,—and 'twas all I craved.
Rich! why I'm rich beyond my dream,
And it's only the surface I've panned.
Look, don't you see the yellow stuff gleam?
There's a fortune under my hand.

What is the past when this is the pay?
What are the years that have gone.
After the close of a weary day,
Comes sunshine with the dawn.

Gold! and I've laid at your thankless feet,
Manhood, religion and caste;
Gold! My God but life is sweet
To master YOU at last.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A puppy scratched at Julia's door,
And whined his canine woes.
Half-starved, half-frozen, tired and sore,
Well bred, perhaps, who knows.
Julia reigned in her set supreme,
Pretty—the dollish kind;
Her regal air bespoke the queen,
Of wealth, not mind.
Men sought her for her looks, her gold,
And she was worth the game;
Virtuous? Sure! but distant, cold,
Love never knew her name.

And Julia as she lounged at ease,
Heard puppy's pleading yelp,
Dog-language, saying, "Please, miss, please."
And she called a servant's help
To drive the horrid thing away.

The self same puppy tried again,
Across the town away,
To seek a shelter from the rain
And comfort for a day.
Elaine, though just as sweet and gay,
Of social ease knew nought;
But practised through the livelong day
The lessons life had taught.
Vivacious, and her girlish love
Was worth much more than gold;
And manly men sought it above
The stocks they bought and sold.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Elaine, alone in her tiny room
 Heard puppy's pleading yelp,
Coming plaintive from the gloom,
 And she went herself to help
The puppy that scratched outside her door.

The puppy that whines may be ill-bred,
 But if I were a pup in the rain,
Down on my luck, ill-clothed, ill-fed,
 No Julia for mine, but Elaine.



YOU FOOL

YOU FOOL

I dreamed of a girl I could worship and love,
Whose heart was as white as the fluffy snow;
A girl with a soul to lift me above
The trivial thoughts of earth I know.
And I longed for my fair Ideal each day,
As I searched the world for my dream girl's face;
But saner thoughts at times would say
There is no goal, no end to your chase.
You fool.

But I met a girl and knew her well,
Pretty as a picture by a master done.
Her wavy hair profusely fell
Flashing golden in the sun.
In the hours I spent with her I dreamed
Of love. And in my longing heart,
She, lovelier than the dream girl seemed,
And, oh, how well she played the part.
At night in my dreams her smiling lips
Warm kisses press upon my own;
Around my neck soft arms she slips,
An angel I think, and mine alone.

One afternoon she came to me
As I sat on the quiet, wave-kissed shore,
And wayward strands of her hair blew free
Beneath the panama she wore.
And her eyes were bright with passionate fire
As she yielding lay on my sun-tanned arm,
And my love cried out I would never tire
Shielding her innocent heart from harm.
The faint perfume of her golden hair,
The indefinite form of her lovely breast,
The glorious peace of the balmy air,
Bespoke the dream girl I caressed.

THE BOY OF IT

But I gazed in her eyes and saw a soul
Where nought but the thought of self held sway;
Where pride and pleasure had control
Of a heart untouched by love's sweet lay.
And as much as I loved that pretty miss,
My beautiful Ideal of dreams was gone,
And I sent her away with a word and a kiss,
And I stayed by the shore of the lake, alone.
My God! that a face and form so fair,
Should shelter a soul so utterly small!
And going, she shrugged her shoulders, bare,
Through the shade I heard her soft voice call:
 You fool!

THE BOY OF IT

The cold wind sighed around the eaves,
 And swayed the frosted trees;
It shook the clinging dead brown leaves
 And caused the creek to freeze.

A gray-haired farmer and his son,
 Smoked near a rousing fire;
A stronger wind,—the storm was done,—
 Piled the light snow higher.

The old man stroked his beard and said,
 "Jake, now the storm is o'er,
Go get the shovel from the shed,
 And clean the path once more."

"B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r!" groaned Jake and blew a whiff,
The wind howled twice as bold,
"Can't do it, Pop, I'm durned nigh stiff,
My feet are awful cold."

"Well, there 're the cows out in the shed,
It's milkin' time, you know;
The cows are there and must be fed,
You'd better up and go."

"Oh, Dad!" and Jake puffed hard and long,
And had a spell of sneezin',
"My head and eyes are feelin' wrong,
Honest, Pop, I'm freezin'."

The old man moved his chair. "Well, Jake,
I 'low I'll ask no more,
If you will take the axe and break
The ice around the door."

"Oh, Dad!" whined Jake, "it ain't no good,
I can't do what you ask."
The old man rose, put on a hood,
And went about the task.

Scarce had his father reached the shed,
Jake got ready in a trice,
And line in hand, his footsteps led,
FOR PICKEREL THROUGH THE ICE.

ST. PETER AND THE CHAUFFEUR.

A chauffeur honked at the Golden Gate,
And asked to be taken in;
St. Peter scowled as he thought of the rate
That boy had travelled in sin.
But he answered the questions St. Peter asked;
Told how he had lived on earth,
Told of a life, just one big task
With never a bit of mirth.
He told of the trials of coaxing a "four"
Through sand and mud and snow,
Of engine stops and troubles galore,
And starters that wouldn't go.
Short circuits he mentioned and faulty tires
And dirt in the gasoline;
Of burnt-out coils and loosened wires
On a second-rate machine.
Of his home garage and hold-up men,
The outrageous charges they made,—
The break should only cost a ten,
But a bill of fifty you paid.
St. Peter, he told, of the terrible trails
And hills to be climbed on low;
Of watchful police, arrests and bails
That made the going slow.

St. Peter listened to his tale,
Nor wondered at his wrath;
For who can drive a car and fail
To find the broader path.
St. Peter looked at the young chauffeur
And his car as the gate they sought,
And he noted it wasn't a little 'four'
But a monster 'eight' he'd brought.
But he let him in to the golden street,
No ruts or rocks to jar,

ST. PETER AND THE CHAUFFEUR

But untold miles of speedway greet,
The chauffeur and his car.

And up and down those streets of gold
The big 'eight' did her best,
The roar of the engines, so I'm told,
Disturbed the angels' rest.
Their harps were laid aside; no more
They sang their songs of heaven,
But trembled when the chauffeur tore
Along at ninety-seven.

St. Peter, the guard, soon heard about
The chauffeur and his 'eight',
And wondered how he could get him out
Before it was too late.
So he signalled the car as it flashed by
And a wonderful stop it made;
And he looked at the chauffeur's laughing eye
And his one trump card he played.

"My boy," says Pete, "I've sent below
A driver of your own style;
He boasts his car is a corker to go,
He could beat YOU out a mile.
You'll find the road to the devil's land
A speedy one and dry;
The race, no doubt, would sure be grand
If you but dare to try."

The chauffeur kicked his starter in
And started off on 'high',
The angels paled at the awful din
As the flying 'eight' shot by.
And St. Peter sighed as he closed the gate,
And brushed away a tear;
To himself he said, "No other 'eight'
Shall ever enter here."

THE HIGH SCHOOL POET

It was a sorry day for me,—
And 'tis now I know it,
When they proclaimed that I should be,
The Athens High School poet.
First, someone asks, "Please, will you write
About the football game."
Or "Just a line or two on 'Night'
If it is all the same."
Then, tears in eyes, another pleads,
"An epitaph for Joe."
And who was he? enquiry leads,
A lap-dog, don't you know.
Now someone wants a funny verse
To drive the blues away;
And I must write, re-write, rehearse
To get a jolly lay.
Then 'Merry Widow' cracks a smile,
And coaxes for a song
And says, "I'll wait a little while,
It won't take very long."
And when those longed-for words are done,
And notes are placed above,
Some quiet lass cries, "Write me one,
A soothing lay of love."
Oh, yes, it's fun, I will admit,
Writing to please some lass;
But where it's hard to make a hit
Is writing for a class.
That's why I sigh and dry a tear,—
But none shall ever know it;
That 'way down in my heart I know,
I'll never be a poet.

THE HIGH SCHOOL PROPHET

THE HIGH SCHOOL . PROPHET

The sun had vanished in the west,
And daylight faded fast;
The moping owl at Night's behest,
Awoke and stirred at last.

The prophet from the High School Hall,
Had sought the silent wood
And prayed the woodland gods of Fall
To make his sayings good.

He stopped beneath a shelt'ring oak,—
The night had conquered day,—
And musingly aloud he spoke,
In an uncertain way.

The owl above, this way and that,
Twisted his feathered ear
To catch the words from where he sat,—
And little he knew of fear.

The prophet spoke, the leaves were still,
"The Reds must win, I say,
The Blues beneath an iron will
Must serve from day to day.

"But something in my prophet heart
Keeps whispering, 'You are wrong,'
Ye gods! won't you advice impart
To help my cause along."

"Ye gods, please send a friend this way,
A friend whom I may know,
Willing to aid throughout the day,
This weary heart, John Dough."

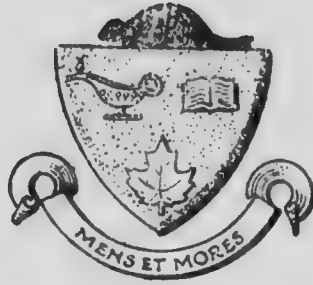
The silent owl from his high seat,
Looked on the prophet true,
Smoothed his feathers, moved his feet,
And screeched out, "Who-o, who-o."

THE HIGH SCHOOL PROPHET

But John the Prophet, where was he,
His hair stood all on end;
He thought the gods were in the tree
Their prophesies to lend.

However kind the gods might seem,
The prophet thought it best
To have their aid come in a dream,
And he sought his bed to rest.

Red and Blue were class colors



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